

WHAT WOMEN WEAR

Velvet the Prevailing Fabric for Smart Toilettes.

SATIN WILL BE A CLOSE RIVAL

New Greeny-blue Color that is Becoming Popular is Called "Kingfisher"—Walking Suits in Many Effective Styles—One-tone Costumes Preferable for Gatherings.

Velvet, ever a popular fabric for cold weather wear, has been so varied by being brocaded, striped, and lustrated, that its soft beauty does not pall, and so fragile is it in its chiffon weaves that whether made up in skirts that cling or expanse, trimmed elaborately or not at all, with blouses that define or conceal the figure, and with sleeves full or drooping, it invariably is becoming and ideal for such spectacular occasions as the horse show.

Satin is to be a close rival of velvet, and quantities of it will be in evidence.

One of the prettiest new tones is the "kingfisher," which is greeny-blue. Leaves novelties are wreaths of ivy leaves in dark green and autumnal tints on felt hats. A large purple fall hat, lined with soft mauve satin, was picturequely trimmed with a myriad tassels, purple fuchsia flowers in tones of rich purple, rose, and white. Fuchsia is quite the latest flower to be employed in millinery.

Walking suits are charming, and come in a number of smart guises. A French homespun is artistically designed with skirt and coat, and shown with a charming blouse of silk Toscos. The front of the skirt is made with a panel which extends in a loose fold around the bottom, and there is an extra trimming of flat bands of braid above the fold of homespun.

The coat is trimmed with panne velvet, which forms the revers, collars and cuffs. It fastens at the front with a vest of white leather of the softest, finest quality. There is a wide tuck on either side of the back and front, the tucks ending above the waist line in front under bands of the cloth, which are cut in one with the coat. The bands are ornamented with a row of velvet buttons. At the back the skirt part of the coat is tucked under the panel, while the blouse extends over the upper part of the skirt, the blouse being attached to the armhole with a tuck. The buttons of the sleeve are finished with cuffs of velvet, as previously mentioned. The cuffs, in turn, are ornamented with crocheted buttons and simulated buttonholes.

For certain occasions, particularly when the wearer is "on view," one-tone costumes are always more effective than those which include a gown of one color, a wrap of another, and a hat of the third shade.

In selecting a horse show hat it is well to remember that the light coming from so great a height will throw unexpected shadows on the face, and that a dark hat which casts a shade will disagreeably augment such shadows. If a hat shades the face it should be of white or some delicate tint and have many tiny fluffy plumes. The long scarfs of filmy fabrics, used alike for throat and head in connection with evening wrappings, are exceedingly useful during horse show week, as they can be drawn about the shoulders when the wrap is pushed aside, and used as a wrap in shawl when promenading, for in so public a resort it is incorrect to exhibit the throat and neck.

Browns in all the wood tones, as well as the toast and cinnamon shades, are quite the smartest creations of the tailor. These shades are used in the strictly tailored and in the semi-tailored suits. They are combined with creams, delicate mauves, plums, and especially with the hunter's and almond green.

Straps, folds, and plain lines of stitching are the most usual methods of finishing the plainer of the tailored suits. A great many buttons are also used. They are usually arranged in groups or at intervals singly around the foot of the skirt at the hem line. They are cloth covered, like the gown they trim, and are made on button molds. They are set flat upon the skirt and stitched down like discs. Some of them are two and a half inches in diameter. The fancy buttons are used only on the jacket and vests.

Quite the favorite among collars are the new turnovers. They are of high and elaborately adorned with broderie Anglaise and have hemstitched edges. Almost without exception they are held together at the front with a bar pin of gold or silver, and the old safety design is rarely if ever seen now.

Any pin may be substituted, but a plain fine bar with a single jewel in the center is more often used.

The variety of linen or muslin tabs or small fronts worn with these collars is endless, and they silk bows of any color are good.

Plain turnover collars, with extremely narrow pleated ruffles, are both pretty and becoming for morning wear. There are cuffs to match.

Covering the entire hem of the blouse down the front are so-called jabots, to be worn with thin waists. They are not suitable with plain blouses having stiff cuffs. A woman who is at all clever with her needle can make these from pieces with stripes of embroidery or lace left from other work, and there should be one or more ruffles of lace down each side.

Colors and shades have never been more perfect, more varied, and more artistic than they are at present. There is quite a furore for all shades of mauve, heliotrope, violet, and purple; the latest effective combinations of colors appear to be mauve and blue, not in light tones, but a beautiful Parma mauve and a full-toned blue.

Nothing definite has been decided about sleeves, and both long and short sleeves will be worn this winter; the lower part of long sleeves are often transparent.

Long jackets, trimmed with braid, buttons, and velvet, and opening on to waistcoats, cutaway coats, and sloping shoulders, with tucks, pipings, and insertions, are in the greatest vogue.

Inspiration has evidently been drawn by the couturiers from Louis XIV and Louis XVI military uniforms, but the result is very new and modern.

Fancy tailor-mades seem to be preferred to the severer, more masculine style.

Gold and silver lace are not any longer fashionable, but white lace is sometimes embroidered with gold threads which outline the pattern.

The brims of some hats are slightly folded over on one side or in front; others are quite round. The crowns are not very high, usually round, but they are not visible as a rule, being covered with huge choux of panne or velvet in one or

two shades, or masses of soft surah silk with fringed edges, or else completely concealed with bushes of light feathers, ostrich and cocks' feathers, which dart forth on all sides with the greatest daring. Autumn leaves, also, are being used in a similar way.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

We have been taught to regard fresh air and exercise as cure-alls, but now comes an authoritative statement that light is really the curative principle and that without it fresh air and exercise are mere methods of patching up the constitution. The statement is not hard to believe when we are confronted with such evidence as the pale, sickly growth of plants in dark spots and the condition of men and women who remain indoors during the day and exercise in the outer air only at night.

I had a suspicion of this theory when the court physician ordered England's King to remain in the sun every day between the hours of 12 and 3. He need not walk unless he chose to do so, for sitting down in a comfortable seat was quite enough, provided the sun's rays struck him with full force. It was said that the power of the sun was greatest at those hours and the monarch's improved condition is the best testimony we can have.

Beauty specialists have a deal to say against exposing the hair and skin to the sun, but health comes before everything and many a hard worker owes her stock of strength to the brief summer holiday spent outdoors, without hat or parasol. The slight fading of the hair is usually becoming and the coat of healthy tan is decidedly so, but all traces of them disappear before the winter is upon us and the health down into the whole body is sufficient compensation for any annoyance that may be felt before the outward effects of summer wear away.

I have been watching with considerable interest the growing slenderness of a pretty young matron who thought she had too much flesh, although it was fair and evenly distributed. She has a due respect for health so she has been experimenting with her food supply with satisfactory results, apparently. Her breakfast is now limited to a little fruit, a slice of toast, and a small cup of coffee, and she does not miss the articles she has eliminated. She is eating rice in place of potatoes and coarse food breads of different kinds, plain soups, green vegetables and salads, with a very little meat, and no desserts worth mentioning.

Nobody can starve on such a diet, for there are all the elements of nutrition in it, but here is the point of the treatment—there is nothing left to make extra tissue after the waste is made up. She drinks a good deal of water, between meals and in sips, and takes freshly brewed tea in moderation. This is a sensible form of banting and quite safe for everybody, but perhaps these qualifications may stand in the way of its popularity, for it is showing an inclination to flirt with danger.

A brilliant career was blasted some years ago by a woman who literally basted herself into her grave. Her physician declared that she starved herself to the point where help was impossible and that in the face of his professional assurance that good bread and butter would save her health, but add nothing to her weight. I believe her stomach succumbed to neglect and made the path to the grave a sure and steady journey, lasting but a few months. The horror of the incident antagonized me against banting, but I am always open to conviction on any point. If a woman can be happier by being relieved of a few pounds of flesh she has the right to do it in any way she chooses, I suppose, but she ought to be warned against dangerous methods.

Arrange for Dice Funeral.

Arrangements will be made to-day for the funeral of William H. Dice, an active member of the Oldest Inhabitants' Association for many years, who died, aged seventy-five, at the Garfield Hospital, after an illness of six months. He is survived by two sons and two daughters.

THE LATEST COAT SUIT FOR A YOUNG GIRL.



PRIZES FOR BLOOMS

Awards Made at Exhibition by Florists' Club.

"PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT" WINS

Chrysanthemum Named for Chief Executive Takes First Premium in Its Class—Alice Roosevelt's Name—An Easy Victor, as Was Also the "Queen Beatrix" Rose.

National Rifles' Army took on a new aspect yesterday afternoon, when the doors of the building were thrown open for the public to inspect the grand floral exhibition offered by the Florists' Club, of Washington.

President Roosevelt, as usual, was popular, as becomes the first citizen in the land, and the chrysanthemum named for him, exhibited by Nathan Smith, of Adrian, Mich., took first prize in the class in which it was exhibited—the light pink.

The show occupies the two floors of the National Rifles' Army, in G street, between Ninth and Tenth streets, and the attendance surpassed the expectations of the management, which will turn over the proceeds from the 25-cent tickets to the Associated Charities. An orchestra, placed in the balcony, attracted attention, although the exhibits were not complete, and the judges were still busy passing on the merits of the flowers displayed.

Many Blooms Shown.

On the second floor the principal attraction is a Japanese pagoda, decorated with chrysanthemums, in imitation of the Japanese style, placed by the Gude Company.

Three tables on the first floor, the silver and glassware for each of which was furnished by Rauscher, were decorated by Blackstone, Shaffer and George H. Cooke. On the second floor, at the top of the stairs on the east, is the room devoted to the "Queen Beatrix" rose exhibit by the Kramer company, of Washington.

The chrysanthemum exhibits include those from the P. A. B. Widener gardens, Mrs. Leiter, and Mrs. Hubbard. The patrons are:

Mrs. Metcalf, Mrs. Brewer, Mrs. Newberry, Mrs. Oliver, Mrs. Ridgely, Mrs. Hubbard, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Thorne, Mrs. Warder, Mrs. Edson, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Foulke, Mrs. Macfarland, Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. Clover, and Mrs. Jennings.

Among the local exhibitors are A. Gude & Co., George H. Cooke, Frederick H. Kramer, Z. D. Blackstone, George C. Shaffer, John H. Small & Sons, Mayberry & Hoover, J. R. Freeman, and the Washington Florist Company.

The awards yesterday included:

CHRYSANTEMUMS.

Class 1—Nathan Smith, Eldridge, first; C. G. Hill & Co., Angelo Lalout, second.

Class 2—Nathan Smith, Eldridge, first.

Class 3—E. G. Hill & Co., Southard, first.

Class 4—Nathan Smith, Eldridge, first.

Class 5—Nathan Smith, Eldridge, first.

Class 6—E. G. Hill, Yellow Eton, first.

Class 7—Nathan Smith, Eldridge, first.

Class 8—Nathan Smith, Eldridge, first.

Class 9—Nathan Smith, Eldridge, first.

Class 10—Nathan Smith, Eldridge, first.

Class 11—Nathan Smith, Eldridge, first.

Class 12—Nathan Smith, Eldridge, first.

Class 13—Nathan Smith, Eldridge, first.

Class 14—Nathan Smith, Eldridge, first.

Class 15—Nathan Smith, Eldridge, first.

ROSES.

Class 1—C. A. Shaffer, Richmond, first.

Class 2—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 3—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 4—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 5—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 6—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 7—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 8—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 9—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 10—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 11—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 12—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 13—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 14—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 15—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

ORCHIDS.

Class 1—C. A. Shaffer, Richmond, first.

Class 2—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 3—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 4—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 5—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 6—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 7—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

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Class 13—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 14—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 15—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

DECOARATION PLANTS.

Class 1—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 2—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 3—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 4—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 5—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 6—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

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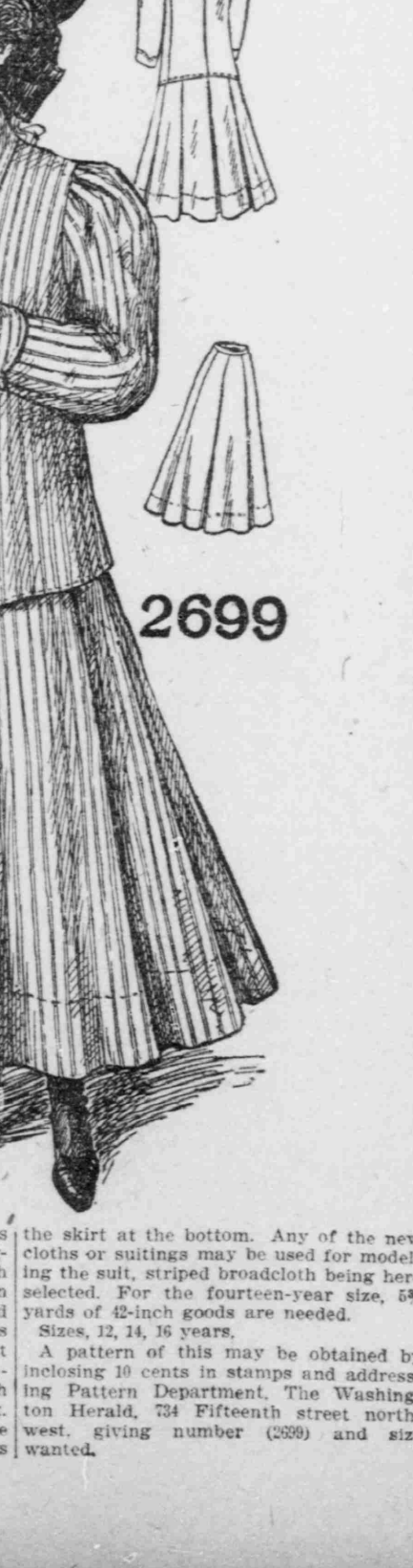
Class 12—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 13—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 14—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

Class 15—D. G. Gallahue, Bride, first.

THE LATEST COAT SUIT FOR A YOUNG GIRL.



SKANNSON'S

THE BUSY CORNER

We desire to-day to call special attention to a very unusual offering that is most timely

NICE WARM LONG

Coats for women

At \$10.95

Materials are:—Kersey, broadcloth, and fancy mixtures.

Colors are:—Black, blue, brown, garnet, mode, and a few of the most desirable light shades.

These are unusual values at the special price named.—2nd floor.

THE IRON LORD

By S. R. CROCKETT.

Author of "The Stickit Minister," "The Raiders," "The White Plume," &c.

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

The story opens at the home of Jacob Rumer, of Goud House, on the Potomac. He is a ship owner and mine owner and very rich. Wanting to be rid of his wife, Caroline, he has entrusted the task to his brother, Thomas, of getting her incarcerated in an insane asylum. This fails because of the testimony of Jacob's daughter, Vida, who, however, cannot believe that she is really his daughter. Jacob sends one of his ships after them, but the wood lot is wrecked and Vida and her mother thrown ashore. Vida remembers her father and becomes the keeper of one of the coast lights. James Kahn, a supercilious and confidential man of Jacob Rumer, is seduced by the daughter of the Rumer mines and marries her. In the meantime, Vida is living happily at Kirkwood and two evanes are attentive to her. Phil Calmont and the Vice-Morris. The story now takes up the past life of Jacob Rumer; tells of his secret marriage to Caroline, secret because of the fear of his wife, Caroline, who had fallen in love with Miss Georgiana Rumer, which has caused him to try and get his wife incarcerated in an insane asylum. The story takes up its main thread and shows Vida happy in Kirkwood, and her father noting her success in the church choir. Although the sister for Vida's affection continues, Vice-Morris gives Phil Calmont a place in his office.

CHAPTER XVI.

Cross Questions—Crooked Answers.

It is characteristic of the two men that their new relationship made no difference to their rivalry with regard to Vida. Regularly every Sunday the broad shoulders of the underground engineer were to be seen towering above the devout in the Cameronian Kirk of the Hill. As often as not, also, Vice-Morris came with her, especially when Dick Finnan, detained by his position as ruling elder, was unable to leave the vestry at once.

On the forenoon Phil Calmont, whose father was a pillar of the Valley Kirk, was, of course, handicapped to some extent. But as every alternate Sabbath evening the Valley Kirk shut its door in order to join congregations with the Kirk on the Hill, and the Vice-Morris was able to recoup himself liberally. But, for some reason best known to herself, ever since the night of the meeting in the cottage at the Gleebe End Gate, Vida had removed from her countenance from both Vice-Morris and Phil, not, perhaps, to the same degree, but still markedly enough to make the latter young man demand a reason.

And the reason she gave was certainly a curious one.

"They were walking slowly homeward—that is, in the direction of Gleebe End—by the 'short cut' through the woods. The tall trunks of the Scotch firs, warmed by the westerly light which filtered through the canopies of dew, moisture, and the promise of the night's rain, were chromatically graded from a deep purple just above the roots, through deep reds and oranges to a golden yellow immediately beneath the glistening blue-green umbrellas of the crown. The trees rose very high. Very little and lonely, as it seemed, Vida and Phil walked beneath them within, the flitting thoughts, the imperious needs and vague longings, the quick play of sympathy, the give-and-take of speech; they were the true things of God, infinitely greater than all trees, than all his works—at least on this earth on which they stood.

And while Phil made his plaint, Vida walked proudly alongside, carefully guarding a neutral ground of some yard wide between shoulder and shoulder.

"I don't see, Vida," began Phil, "what you can have against me. You treat me as if I were a dog!"

Vida shrugged her shoulders with her habitual careless contempt.

"There are dogs and dogs," she said.

"Meaning," cried Phil with petulance, "that I am not one of the favored, even considered as cur?"

"You certainly do not need to be 'made of,' said Vida, 'you have had too much of that already.'"

"Not from you?"

"No, I know that—from Rose Nunsby, among others, if you want to know."

"She has told you—"

"Nothing—do you suppose I would ask her? But I have eyes in my head, also ears! And I am not sure but that you ought to be very much ashamed of yourself, Mr. Phil Calmont!"

"Ashamed of myself? Why, in all the world?"

Phil was genuinely astonished now. But Vida gave him no help, only nodded resolutely, to emphasize her position.

"Pray, what have I done?" pleaded Phil.

"Tell me!"

"You have spent a considerable deal of time during the last year or two," she said, looking carefully away in the opposite direction, "and now, all of a sudden, you have not been near Rose for weeks. If I thought it was the influence of—of Vice-Morris—Mr. Morris—I should have something to say to him that would take the eternal smile off his face."

"But," faltered Phil Calmont, quite overwhelmed by the unexpected attack, "I went to the Nunsbys' house only to talk about—"

"I do not care what you went to talk about, or what excuse you made to yourself. The fact is that for months years perhaps—you have gone there every day—every afternoon. I myself have seen you crossing the fields. Why, Master Phil, I could have set my watch by you, so exact you were. Many a time I did not wish to break in upon your tea-tete!"

"But Rose knew," gasped Phil; "she knew that I only went there—to talk about you!"

In a green glade motiled with the waving, golden drift of slender Lent lilies, the girl faced about. The sunlight was fair on her face. But the quick wrath which Phil knew so well had leaped up into the dark eyes. She had drawn back her small, nervous hands, and held them tight clenched by her sides and a little behind, like an athlete straining for the start of a race.

"And you think that makes it any better?" she cried, "even if it were true, Phil Calmont! You have gone there—to the Nunsbys—for years—always when Rose's father was absent?"

"I never thought about it, though it is true that I do not like her father," put in Phil. Indeed, few people did. But the fact made, at the time, no impression on the angry Vida. She swept on, overlooking all obstacles in the pouring spate of her argument.

"She is not as other girls, you will say—Phil tried to intimate vainly that he had said nothing of the kind—'no, sir, she is not as other girls, my Rose. She is far better, far more useful! I am not worthy to be her friend; to have her love—her friendship. It is hard for me here, even as it is; and it would have been altogether impossible without Rose. And now, you, Phil Calmont, whom I had looked to—whom I had expected to make Rose happy—you leave her alone for weeks—weeks—just because—she dabbled lustily at her eyes—'she has me shoulder a little higher than the other. Why, Rose's heart is higher and truer a thousand times than yours, Phil Calmont! I would give up everything if only I could be a little like her—just a trifle more, never caring a bit about self. And that a man—one like you, Phil Calmont, should toss her aside like a worn glove—"

"I did nothing of the sort," pleaded poor Phil; "indeed, I never thought of such a thing—"

"You ought to have thought!"

"And what about Rose Nunsby—herself—I stand by what she says?" cried Phil, desperately.

"Oh, of course! Rose is too proud, too true, too loyal, even to a thing like you, ever to say a word. Oh, my poor Rose!"

And the handkerchief went up again. It was one of Vida's "on-edge" days. When a little went a very long way with her. Phil happened to present himself for sacrifice, that is all!

"But, Vida—"

"Don't call me Vida—I will not have it! I am not Vida to you!"

"Well, Miss Bryan, then," said Phil, gently, "I have only to bid you good evening. You will not believe me when I tell you the truth. You will not even believe your own friend. Since I went to the pits to work in the office with Mr. Morris I am often kept late. There are always so much to be done. My afternoons are not my own any longer."

"But your evenings are!"

Then quite suddenly a little flood of color mounted to Phil's cheekbone. He was going to make his first mistake. "You mean that I am not to come here—not to see you?"

Vida nodded. She was thinking of Rose's happiness. There had grown up in her heart something truly maternal, protective, for the little, wistful girl in whom even the casual eye distinguished something strange and elfish. She would, she would, give Rose out of her abundance. What else could she do? Her best—what it cost her most to part with. And with this in her mind, it was Phil Calmont whom she had selected for the sacrifice.

"No," she said, "you are not to come here. When you are not occupied with the duties of your office you had better go down and help Rose to keep her father in order. Play backgammon with him. Learn chess. Take him interesting newspapers."

"But keep away from you," said Phil bitterly, "so as to leave the field clear for my better?"

Vida stiffened herself and her chin became like that of Mr. Jacob Rumer, when the pit delegates asked him for a general raise in wages.

"You mean," she said, very low, the breath whistling, suddenly intaken, between her teeth.

"I mean Vice-Morris—no other," said Phil, looking at her, eye to eye.

There was a moment of silence; so still that one heard the flapping of the rook's wings, as they came sailing back from their flight.

Then, without a word or the slightest sign of farewell, Vida turned on her heel and walked off homeward through the tall, ivy-beclambered ash trees.

And, though he watched her slender figure as long as possible, Phil Calmont knew better than to follow her. After she had disappeared, he sighed very long, and turning on his heel, marched through the wood, varietal the wall, and made a bee-line for the house behind the row of big old Lombardy poplars where dwelt Rose Nunsby and her father.

As Phil had foreseen, Thurman Nunsby was at home, and being the assistant of James Kahn's chief enemy, it struck him that he must be careful as to his words with one all so closely to the "confidential." But Mr. Nunsby proved unexpectedly genial.

"Come away in, Mr. Philip," he cried at sight of him in the doorway. "Your father has been my doctor for thirty years, and a rare good one he is. Never a better anywhere, except Dr. Webb.

down at Weald Marsden, when I was born."

And without ever a word about the relationship in which Phil found himself to the underground engineer, Thurman Nunsby began to tell of famous cases wrought by the Weald Marsden doctor. That practitioner's methods were certainly Spartan. For his treatment of all diseases appeared to consist in holding his patients run three times up the Hammer in summer, and in winter time to break the ice on Wealden pond and stay in five minutes by the watch, suspended with their chins to the broken edges of the ice.

"Ah! there were none that shammed sick in all Weald Marsden in old Doctor Webb's time. Your father is a good 'un—as good as they have in this country. But I will say he is soft with his patients."

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TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Patrick H. Bartman, 27, and Annie E. O'Connor, 22, Rev. Thomas D. Williams.

Harry E. Powers, 29, and Mary S. Hilton, 28, Rev. Charles S. Harlan.

Charles N. Dumont, 25, of Potomac, Md., and Emma H. Wood, 23, of Times Md., Rev. J. A. Bessler, 65, and Rosie L. Calvin, 43, Rev. F. A. R. Wunnenberg.

Robert R. Nickman, 27, and Bertha M. Martin, 24, Rev. L. S. Shuler.

Albert G. Purchase, 21, and Alice M. Gooding, 24, Rev. Joseph T. Kelly.

Henry S. Powell, 25, and Mary H. Wilson, 24, Rev. Edward L. Buckley.

Allan L. Beavers, 21, and Zephie Lewis, 18, of Loudoun County, Va., Rev. Hugh T. Stevenson.

Earl R. Jenkins, 22, of Springfield, Va., and Florence D. Taylor, 23, of Langley, Va., Rev. Frederick B. Dowden.

Harry E. Powers, 29, of Aurora, Ill., and Lelia A. Hanch, 28, Rev. D. C. MacLeod.

Max A. Hendrich, 33, and Laura E. Phillips, 24, Rev. John W. Weidner.

Louis Olmstead, 27, of New York City, and Stella Richter, 23, Rev. F. J. O'Connell.

Arthur Leslie Holmes, 26, and Carrie V. Schreier, 27, both of Baltimore, Md., Rev. Walter G. McNeil.

Bernard A. Bickerton, 21, and Susie E. Garner, 17, Rev. C. F. Winkler.

William W. Robinson, 30, of Lynchburg, Va., and Sarah E. Watts, 28, of Annet, Va., Rev. J. J. Muir.

COLORED.

Lewis E. Smith, 30, and Mary A. Hawkins, 33, Rev. Edward R. Gordon.

Edgar Franklin, 23, and Marie Parker, 21, Rev. George W. Lee.

James Short, 28, and Sarah Snye, 24, Rev. P. J. Ritchie.

Weston Almond Barker, 22, and Mildred Thompson, 23, Rev. Lewis Edmonds.

CREDIT FOR ALL WASHINGTON.

If Your Dining Room

Is not furnished as handsomely as you would wish, come here and get what it lacks. You will want it to look its best at Thanksgiving, and there is no better time than the present for buying some new pieces. We are showing a magnificent collection of Buffets, China Closets, Tables, and Chairs, as well as rich sets of American and French China, in the newest shapes and decorations.

We are always glad to arrange terms of payment to suit you.

Peter Grogan,

817-819-821-823 Seventh St.

Just a Few of the "Specials" for This Week.

	WAS	NOW
Nearly New Fischer.....	\$385	\$295
Nearly New Fischer.....	385	290
Large Estey Upright.....	450	285
Large Estey Upright.....	450	250
Large Franklin.....	325	265
Knabe Square.....	150	75
Hazeltan Square.....	100	60

New Pianos \$250 up. Terms to Suit Everybody.

WE ALSO SELL PHONOGRAPHS AND SHEET MUSIC.

Sanders & Stayman Co.,
1327 F Street,
PERCY S. FOSTER,
Washington Manager.

Pianos For Rent. Phonolas. Estey Organs. Tuning and Repairing. Victor Talking Machines.

AMUSEMENTS.

COLUMBIA Washington's Leading Theater.

TO-NIGHT AT 8:30.

"A Gilded Fool."

NAT C. GOODWIN

AND HIS COMPANY, INCLUDING EDNA GOODRICH, PRESENTING

"Thurs. Eve. 'IN MIZZOURIA' Sat. Mat. AN AMERICAN CITIZEN. Fri. Eve. 'A GILDED FOOL.' Sat. Eve. 'GENIUS'."

NEXT WEEK—FIRST TIME HERE.

The Distinguished Musical Comedy Success.

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Berlin, Nov. 17 and 18. Vienna, Nov. 21 and 22. Paris, Dec. 1 and 2. London, Dec. 8 and 9. Five Matinees. Also, 15 and 16.

SALE COURSE TICKETS CLOSING TO-NIGHT

SALE SINGLE TICKETS FRIDAY AT 4 A. M. 50c, 75c, and \$1.00.

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NEW NATIONAL THEATRE.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA.

CARL POHLIG, Conductor.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON, Nov. 19, at 4:30. MARK HAMBURG, Pianist.

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THE NEW COMEDY OPERA.

The Girls

Music by REGINALD DE KOVEN

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A. H. WOODS PRESENTS A MELODRAMA OF WESTERN LIFE, ENTITLED THE

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THE REAL LEADER OF THEM ALL.

THE CHAMPAGNE GIRLS.

THE BIG CHIEF OF ALL GIRL SHOWS.

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MATINEE TO-DAY AND ALL